ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISGARD IF
NOT REQUESTED.

NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

clawing alienation permeates all the misfits around him: the hangers on and loser fans with obvious mental and sexual problems and their thick excuses and their titilating learning disabilities.

Allin's appeal lasts just a bit longer than a blow job queen's or a new age mindless waste case. Because he involves other people. A nice scene of him tossing some dumb woman around a room (after slicing his chest about with a crushed beer can) is very entertaining. As is his frighteningly pathetic I HATE YOU MOTHERFUCKER I HATE YOU MOTHERFUCKER mantra. And some silly felching and weak punching here and there.

A circus and freak show and not a bad way to spend an hour. A cigarette break or a quick lunch diversion. You know how you want to get the fuck away as quick as possible from the thing you just came on/in? It's a shame others don't know their place. Thank fuck for the glass.

PETER SOTOS
P.O.BOX 171
2524 N. LINCOLN
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
60614-2389
USA

PARASITE

PARASITE

THE MUTILATORS
Edited by Rose G. Mandelsberg
(Pinnacle)

MASS MURDERERS
Edited by Rose G. Mandelsberg
(Pinnacle)

TORTURE KILLERS 2
Edited by Rose G. Mandelsberg
(Pinnacle)

SPECIFIC INTENT
O'Neil De Noux
(Pinnacle)

CROSSED OVER
Beverly Lowry
(Warner Books)

GORE

You know what you want. And what you can afford. But it's what you'll settle for that'll pull you out of puberty and into the real world.

You woke up this morning with a hard on built for more than just a piss. And your dream was of a lovely little thing with razor blades jammed into her cunt. Her disgusting sex was ripped to ribbons and bathed in pain and blood and your fingers, and then your cock, groped and fumbled and poked and peeled and pushed into that gorey fleshed up rat hole. You picked it apart. And spread it wide. Wider. And split the edges and chewed and bit and sucked.

You came when the faceless black experience screamed. Turned a headache into blinding white fuzz. Just screams on screams on screams and fucking terror and her pain; begging and pleading and more and more and again and again.

You liked it so much. Blank pig whore cunt. It defined you. It was meant to be real. And you want it so fucking bad.

Any cunt. Any straight edged razor. Maybe dull and rusty and worn. Any beast with lumps and a black hairy hole and shitty ass and too much make up and jagged smashed fucking teeth and spitting and coughing out blood and farting, pissing, crying, screaming, praying, begging.

Cunts are a dime a dozen.

Control is too expensive.

Proxy. Weak and removed and grossly unacceptable. Singing about it won't help. Politicizing it won't make it real. Reading about it will make it worse. Jerking off is nothing. Nothing at all, now, at your age.

Half way is less than nothing. Anything.

It may be worth mentioning that CROSSED OVER by Beverly Lowry was first published in hardcover by Knopf in August, 1992. The paperback version, just released by Warner, sees the original subtitle of 'A Murder, A Memoir' replaced with 'The True Story Of The Houston Pickax Murders'.

Clearly, it wasn't Lowry's intention that her book be treated as just one of a million True Crime case redresses. But, after awhile, arguing over advertising is alot like saying that just 'cause transvestites refer to each other (and fag hags and every other woman who has the misfortune to cross their high heeled paths)as 'Miss; that there's a genuine respect there. However, her fiction audience, her therapist and no doubt, Miss Lowry herself may appreciate the benefit of the doubt.

Aphrodite Jones (ahem) does not seem to suffer these same pretentions. At least her publisher doesn't. CRUEL SACRIFICE is Jones' latest book and the newest release under the Pinnacle

THE SIMPLE ACT OF BRUTAL MURDER IS NOT ENOUGH FOR SOME KILLERS. THEIR INSANE BLOODLUST CAN ONLY BE SATISFIED BY TORTURING THEIR VICTIMS UNTIL THEY BEG FOR DEATH

and

WHAT THEY DID TO THE LITTLE GIRL WAS MORE THAN MURDER ...AND LESS THAN HUMAN!

fucking cheap cunts

whores. easy fucking cunts

bloody dirty begging crying cocksuckers.

Don't believe it. Not here. Not in the ghetto.

too much rap ...snoop doggy dog chasing some smelly fat black vagina pit. All fake stupid instinct. Blank going limp to hard and back again as fast as food stamps. Small. Simple. Stepped on.

HE WOULD BE RAPED, THE SKIN PEELED OFF HIS BACK WITH PLIERS, HIS ARM AND JAW BROKEN, HIS NECK SLASHED, AND A LUG WRENCH PUSHED SO FAR UP HIS RECTUM IT WOULD PUNCTURE HIS LIVER. INCREDIBLY, GORDON'S ATTACKERS ALSO USED JUMPER CABLES TO LINK HIS GENITALS TO A CAR BATTERY, AND FOLLOWED THAT BY CLUBBING THEIR VICTIM ABOUT THE HEAD SO VISCIOUSLY THAT PORTIONS OF HIS SKULL WOULD BE FOUND FORTY FEET AWAY FROM WHERE THE KILLING OCCURRED.

Fucking is for niggers. The hard on you got wants to fall in love. Give the bucket a name and a slice of your personality. Santa Claus. Third Eye. Would you like to come upstairs for a cup of coffee?

Ah...dreams. The darling child closes his big blue eyes and drifts away. Up into the clouds and hugs of some sick sticky fat cock ramming in and out his tight cute mouth.

THE BACK WOUND INDICATED THAT THE VICTIM MIGHT HAVE BEEN STRUGGLING AND TWISTING ON THE BED WHEN HE SUSTAINED THE KNIFE THRUST IN THE BACK...THE BODY HAD BEEN SLICED OPEN IN THE FRONT FROM THE THROAT TO THE GROIN AND HAD BEEN CASTRATED...(HE) HAD BEEN STABBED AND SLASHED BEFORE AND AFTER HE WAS DEAD AND HAD BEEN KILLED IN A SLOW, PAINSTAKING MANNER.

Fag. Size queen pussy. Suck and swallow and spread.

Not by a long shot.

TORTURE KILLERS 2 has twenty-five stories of murder "from the pages of TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE". So does THE MUTILATORS and MASS MURDERERS. Each title tells you the general gist of the stories included. Most stories are about twenty pages long.

And even in the most base episodes of hormonal excitement and confusion, these low brow white trash brown paper bag scrawlings don't contain enough of anything you want. Too many niggers. Too much romance. Too much only outs.

Twenty pages and a formula. Which is usually: the discovery of the body, the detective work and cheezy moralizing of the cops and (if you're lucky) some of the victim's family, the hunt, capture and sentencing. The gore -the act- is always there but its effect and importance is missed due to the cheap n' cheerful detective focus. And regardless of what the covers pretend (and how embarrassed you would be to read this in public) this is not just a collection of fetishy autopsy photos or a sadistic, blood drooling feast. Everyone knows there's a typical and self-righteous veneer of good taste here. But the real problem True Crime imprint. And while the title may or may not be appropriate to the action contained within, it most definitely is appropriate to Jones' reporting style.

Jones sets up at least seven tubby blubbery pigs -flops 'em up on a big dinner table, slashes their bulging, wobbly bellies open and lets the fat guts and blood spill and splash every-fucking-where. And, surprisingly, there's alot of meat here. Four teenage girls (fifteen to seventeen) beat, torture, rape and eventually murder a twelve year old girl. Added to that viscious feast, you get an incredibly abusive sex-mad father and enough white trash mean-spiritedness to stock more than a few desert carts.

The best thing about this book -and it's what perfectly separates it from the rest (or most) of the Pinnacle pack- is that it doesn't condescend or over-sensationalize the lurid, ugly facts. And while the crime is tailor made for toothless appalachians everywhere, it shouldn't disappoint the more sensible murder and teenage sex fetishists among you.

Jones has gone the extra distance with this crime. Covering the explosive action by looking at many different (and the girls and the fact that this is San Francisco that creates a decidedly evil soup of new age sexuality, pro-porn with limits feminism and lesbian madonna sanctity.

And what you really get is the realization that not one of these cows seems to know where the fuck she is. It would only take a few seconds to take each one aside, wave a gentle finger and explain to them plainly: There is no sharing. These men don't connect with you, dolt. They cum on the floor and walk. They'd be happy with their daughter's baby mouth, their sister's skinny cunt or mud. Stupid and desperate and lonely and doggish. And if they're not, then they're here for the freak show. You want to share femalia with us? Show us a picture of your mother to let us know what you're gonna droop into. With your tatoos and clit ring and nigger boyfriend and crack habit. Who's gotta better chance of being here in five years?

Same with porno. Porno the big business, that is. Gone are the days of Linda Lovelace and red hots and dog fucking gun shows. John Holmes' chainsaw drug addiction and AIDS fuck of Ciccolina. The new porn "stars" make alot of money. And only a few blow their brains out after drug binges.

But these barking poodles and their trainers still evince a small appeal. It doesn't lie in their tight muscles and athletic stamina. In most cases it doesn't even lie in the money shots they more and more willingly perform (just as long as the cum hits the air first). Their empty headed prancing; their tarted up preciousness and ad hoc hollywood fantasies fill their lumpy cartoon bodies and, just like a cop who starts searching for cheap crack ass fucks, these new girls take their work home with them.

To suggest that there is an actual awards show for porno films that exists beyond this video is just embarrassing. But the flesh props that pick up the awards during THE TENTH ANNUAL ADULT VIDEO NEWS AWARDS don't seem all that sure.

giggly little Melanie Moore wins best supporting actress (video) and drunkenly drools: "I can't believe I won ...thanks for giving me a chance".

Me?

aging crows nest Ona Zee bleats: "Hey, this is for us" as she holds aloft her award for best supporting actress (film).

Ashlyn Gere and Diedre Holland talk about biting down on the dildo during their dyke scene and Best New Starlet Alex Jordan coos: "Everyone just line up and I'll give you a big ol' hug and kiss...I'll be around forever and ever ... god bless".

Ashlyn Gere, again, this time winning for some other fuck n' suck thing burps up: "thank you to everyone that hired me" just before she too thanks god.

Lovely. Fat siliconed to the sky fat lipped hollow cheeked doe eyed balloon assed cunts that hide in the day due to their clown status in real life. Use 'em up. Shit 'em out. Seal 'em up and I hear real tits are coming back. Jug sized scars and man made assholes are out grandma. Time to start injecting something else.

The girls and boys strut and pout and cluck on missed cue and pretend to have a brain. And like the SF dancing chimps, they need to think they're doing something worthwhile. Giving these things a personality is one) a mistake and two) very difficult.

You want a freak show with a little more meat on its bones? Look to GG Allin. To describe GG as anything other than a freak would be a waste of time. And, regrettably, the just under an hour HATED documentary on his life wastes just about all of it.

It's the usual fare. The same pathetic grappling for meaning or status beyond their station that connects Allin with the SF farm and its porno-mother.

HATED Offers up all sorts of misfit assholes talking about GG's importance as "real rock n' roll" or (worse) "punk rock". Of course, defining rock n' roll or punk -or whatever the need for real ones would be- is beside the point here. And because GG wants your attention and acknowledgment and validation, rock n' roll, here, is a bigger poodle show than vaginal dancing or filming.

Cheap, convenient criticisms aside, what really is on display here is short bursts of GG playing in his shit, a vomit and piss sequence, and a couple chances to wallow in a drug addict's slow and total implosion. And Allin's damage and

pitch black fat goth knows her pierced clit and wobbly dugs are an easy way to pay for her new Christian Death and Einsturzende Neubauten CDs. Or some collegiate slacker mannequin wants to snort coke and tequila with her favorite bouncer/barback in the bathroom of her favorite techno E club and wants some yuppie's twisted tit dalliance to pay for it.

Good for the girls. Absolutely. It's wonderful to see sisters doin' it for themselves. Making money off of manly ineptitude. 'Cause the dick tuggers don't get it, tee hee, that the titted beast is a lesbian. Or rich. Or human. Or at least doing quite well thank you. Her kid is safe at school in new clothes and teeth that your lonely pool of cum on the floor paid for. That fat clit push and press and wiggle means less than "doyouwantfrieswiththat" and a fuck of alot more money. That ridiculous tongue wag pointed at your blurry hard-on squeeze is easier than scrubbing floors.

So the new girrrls dance and parade. And the new boys wish they could fuck them and dream of the chance. Or everyone pretends to live the dream there and then.

And the old men leave.

And the new girls don't care. 'Cause their tits won't spring hideous blue veins shortly after they start to show their sag. Their cunt lips won't turn brown and wither and fuse tight and dry like old black and blue bruises. And their pimples will pop and fade just like their morning sickness. They can suck their pudgy bellies in and never turn so as to see their thick varicose veins in the mirror during those deep knee bends.

Bright lights. Quick clean floors and a new breed of dancer. And more than just pig dirty and pig washed; it's a sparkling new philosophy.

Some of the trollops that bump and grind and ripple at one of these new nineties-style flesh parlours in San Francisco have contributed their thoughts to a new book titled SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE NAKED. Seven upscale beasts are interviewed and recorded by one of the male staff members from the club. He asks basically the same questions to all seven girls and it would seem from the lack of follow up questions that he merely provided the monsters with a printed questionnaire and a tape recorder.

The author, Tim Keefe, is a friend to all the girls. He is a feminist with a free-wheeling spirit, fresh attitude and charming sense of adventure. He wants to dig down and touch all aspects of naked gyrating femalia. So the reader gets questions like:

I WAS QUITE SURPRISED WHEN I FIRST HEARD THAT HEALING OCCURS HERE, WOMAN HEALING THEMSEVES, EACH OTHER, AND CUSTOMERS. DESCRIBE WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS

and

WHAT WOULD A SEXUALLY POSITIVE SOCIETY LOOK LIKE?

instead of

Do you think that in a couple years there's not a man here that'll pay to see your old gross pigness?

and

Why would a man want to look at something as disgusting as you (or your inner self) in the first place?

The real problem with the book, though, is probably not Keefe's questions but the girls' answers. Keefe actually hits on alot of possibilities. But it's his closeness to life."

"It's just that there has to be an atmosphere of respect, of mutual acknowledgment. I am not there to be your slave.I might be there to play out a role of being a slave, but that has to be acknowledged by respectful, enjoying interaction for that to be established. I enjoy looking at the customer as having fun, enjoying their bodies, and enjoying showing their bodies."

"I'll stroke the glass as though I'm stroking their face, and kiss at them, and talk to them. I have found, not so much at the theatre, but doing prostitution, that that is very healing."

"It's frustrating when a customer won't look us in the eyes. Either they are ashamed or they don't want to give you personhood. They would rather see you as your body, and that's really insulting."

"My fantasies are how it could be when I get a good interaction, a healthy, warm, human sensual, sexual flow with the customer. Where they respected me and I respected them, and it was very up-front, very sexual, but clean. I use "clean" in a "no one tried to put anything over on anyone else" kind of meaning."

"I love to fuck men up the ass."

is there's too much to sift through and not enough when you find something nice. Huge mounds of black, black shit and so few pearls. All the murders meld into one big ugly ghetto project. Like the ones in every city that you just drive by. And all the cops become one big fat asshole and his buddy left alone at their own side of the bar. There's just one corpse too. One huge body with more and more holes, more and more stains and dripping viscera. Less and less pain.

Cheap reaction. Lab rats. Mental defectives. Niggers. Bores. Wastes. Fuck ups. Crack heads killing for dope.

Anal rape by broomstick and heated knife burns.

Horse fucking homo tries to rape a ten year old, then beats him to death with metal bar and concrete block.

Two mexican devil worshippers want to see "what the inside of a girl looks like".

Most dismemberment is for disposal. Like the husband who tossed his wife in acid and the fat son who killed his dad with a baseball bat.

Chinese gambling house massacres.

College students who can't handle the stress.

Some stories just don't deserve to be told. And if they do, then doctors' files and police reports will be less than half the story.

SPECIFIC INTENT is a sort of TRUE DETECTIVE story spread out to 370 pages. A spectacular, if not interesting and exciting, crime,but typically light in sense and style. John Wille convinces his girlfriend and her fourteen year old daughter to get him (and a buddy) a little eight year old girl. John fucks her. So does the buddy. They kill her. And fuck her again. A couple times each. John then kills the buddy and lets his girlfriend stab up the body. All of this, of course, happens in front of the fourteen year old.

Just the tracking of the fourteen year old's mental destruction as she slowly discovers guilt, manipulation and REAL rape outside her trailer camp would scream out for more than the usual twenty pages. And the other elements of sadistic assault and brutal youth beg for more than 370. But, true to TRUE DETECTIVE style, this book delivers only on the promise of gore. Reluctantly.

THE HITCHHIKER (John's buddy) MOVED TO JUDITH AND FORCED JUDITH TO PERFORM ORAL SEX ON HIM. WILLE TOLD JUDITH SHE'D BETTER DO IT RIGHT. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, THE HITCHHIKER WITHDREW FROM JUDITH SAYING THAT SHE WASN'T DOING IT RIGHT. THE HITCHHIKER WENT BACK TO ATTACKING THE DEAD GIRL'S BODY WITH WILLE...SOME MINUTES LATER, WILLE WAS STILL ATTACKING THE DEAD BODY, THE HITCHHIKER WENT BEHIND WILLE, INSERTED HIS PENIS INTO WILLE'S ANUS AND SCREWED WILLE.

O'Neil De Noux (please) serves up old soul food: Fatty and spicy and the cheap meat is hard to find, if not highly questionable. Vague on details. Virtually empty of insight. And riddled with silly red herrings and time wasters.

To be fair though, you do get to spend some time with the mother of the deceased (SHE LOOKED PRECIOUS) as well as her sister and grandmother (I REALIZED THAT IF MAMA HADN'T GONE THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED).

But it's the writer and his marketing style, rather than equally lustful) aspects of the personalities involved as well as the repercussions. It would have been easy to cover this crime with padding and mock moral outrage. Thankfully, Jones not only sifts through all the evidence (and with four individual trials and hearings there is a lot) but seems to possess a keen, almost sadistic, arbiter's eye.

The book begins with the murder of Shanda Sharer -a long drawn out death full of beatings and slow teenage female indecision that climaxes with the twelve year old being burned alive and crying for her mommy. After that we are allowed a livid peek into the life of Larry Loveless -the father of the crime's progenitor Melinda Loveless. Larry trolls through the book, stuffing his asshole (as well as his wife's) with vegetables and dildoes, raiding his girls' underwear collections and molesting just about everyone with a hole: young, old, willing or reluctant. Keeping the focus on sex, the reader also reads a large portion of the murderers' correspondence: letters filled with lesbian lust, cheap pubescent manipulation, self-mutilation and stupid innocence.

the crime and its progenitor, that fails to separate the action from the old white trash ethos of drink it, fuck it, stab it. And run away.

Beverly Lowry is a real author. She makes her living from fiction and only turned to True Crime when (it seems) fiction couldn't accurately depict her very special needs.

CROSSED OVER is about the "Houston Pickax Murders". About Karla Faye Tucker and her boyfriend Danny Garrett who, after a three day speed binge, attacked an acquaintance and his barfly girlfriend, killing them both in the obvious way. Their original intention was to steal motorcycle parts. The sensation was that Karla said she came during the murders.

Karla had a rough life. Drugs started early (heroin at ten). Became a whore. Killed two people. Death row. Made friends with a writer.

Lowry crosses Karla's tragedy with her own: that of her eighteen year old son being killed by a hit and run driver. Her son Peter was in trouble with the law at the time of his death and Lowry seems to see the whole mistake as somehow symbiotic with Karla's white trash sludge fest. And so CROSSED OVER becomes more than just Karla's story. It is two sad sacks commiserating.

Lowry's intention may be noble. She befriends Karla and runs through her life story (as well as Peter's and Bev's) with sympathy and understanding that goes beyond the usual talk-show "victim abuser" cliche':

DO I CREATE HER BY LIVING OUT HER LIFE AND THROUGH HER CRIME, OR IS SHE IN SOME WAY RE-CREATING WHO I AM BY EXPANDING MY WORLD, TAKING ME BEYOND WHAT I THOUGHT I KNEW?

Unfortunately, what Karla allows in place of outrage and fear is nothing more than a mother's empty understanding nod and pat. Karla's father calls his wife a whore (which, in the literal sense, she is, as well as a drug addicted dick pig) and Bev just checks it. Karla states that her mother's death was a watershed event for her as she felt so extraordinarily close to her her whole life. But Bev is too good a friend by now to look at the damage there and so a full and correct portrait of Karla and her motivations is impossible.

CROSSED OVER is very different from the TRUE DETECTIVE style. Well written with an artist's eye, Bev attempts to make the stories live beyond the details -which are basically, no more than typical TRUE DETECTIVE fodder. She provides unique and intimate access to Karla -something TRUE DETECTIVE never even thinks about. But then it's Bev's failure to see Karla as TRUE DETECTIVE might, that ultimately, lowers the crimes and the book to tacky pot-boiler status.

Karla's life becomes just another notch on a busy bed post. Another morning on Geraldo. Another nineteen rats found in a pig sty apartment crack hole without diapers.

Too many fucking niggers.

VOLUME SIX/FEBRUARY 1994
available by subscription only
$40. annually (12 issues)
age statement required

And, of course, Shanda's mother is there at the end of the book to voice her painful feelings at all the girls' trials:

IT IS MY WISH FOR YOU THAT YOU LIVE WITH THE MEMORIES OF HER SCREAMS AND THE SIGHT OF HER BURNED AND MUTILATED BODY.

The reader never finds out who exactly jammed a tire iron up Shanda's asshole but since the very last page of the book contains a revelation about gun-fucking, the reader can hardly complain about a lack of detail.

MS magazine continues it's thrust at being the very best porn rag ever with the publication of its Jan/Feb issue. Those who enjoyed their NEW TESTIMONY FROM THE RAPE/DEATH CAMPS REVEALS SEXUAL ATROCITIES BEING USED AS PORNOGRAPHY issue a couple months ago won't want to miss the new issue: PORNOGRAPHY -DOES WOMEN'S EQUALITY DEPEND ON WHAT WE DO ABOUT IT?

Andrea Dworkin (of course) says: IT'S VERY HARD TO LOOK AT A PICTURE OF A WOMAN'S BODY AND NOT SEE IT WITH THE PERCEPTION THAT HER BODY IS BEING EXPLOITED, BECAUSE SO MUCH HAPPENS THAT WAY IN THIS CULTURE. IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO DRAW A LINE BETWEEN SENSITIVITY AND HYPERSENSITIVITY. and more.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE NAKED
Tim Keefe
(Barbary Coast Press)

TENTH ANNUAL ADULT VIDEO NEWS AWARDS
(VCA Pictures Platinum)
video

HATED
directed by Todd Phillips
(Film Threat video)

FREAKS

There is a truly disgusting little section of NY's Time Square where two dollars buys you a feel of lanolin glazed whore tit. It's a peep show booth where the traditional glass partitions have been replaced with a small wooden slot big enough for your hand and arm and eyes. Rancid clipped and crimped cunt hair is four dollars.

It's just not where any reasonably sentient person would want to be.

But it is a perfect example of the primary mistake made in the buying and selling of sex. Which is based on the confusion men (or whatever) suffer over what they really want (or need) to do with their cocks.

'Cause most of the queue are convinced that they've been relegated there due to some misfortune or inadequacy. That what they're looking for is nothing more than a quick vicarious fix -a cheap and, above all, available substitute for the real thing. Naturally, a feel is better than a look and -oh boy!- a hand job is really living.

Never mind that some nigger junkie whore's bucket feels the same as your fat wife's or retarded sister's. Never mind that if some siliconed pump beast wipes her asshole the wrong way, she'll stink the same way as a seventy pound crack head. They'll move different, moan different and see different movies but, unless you're under some delusion about love, mommies or respect, chances are good you're not sticking your dick in and rubbing your hands and tongue all over their sweaty rubbery personality.

Arrested puberty: laziness disguised as confusion and desperation and explained away as loneliness. Willfully.

But some of those in line will be above the tawdry end of the experience: The lowly human element trying to surreptitiously refurl their tongues as they check for stains on their pants and shirts.

These soldiers are here for another reason.

They're not in the same line.

And they've got the tatoo to prove it.

They're above the clumsy gymnastics and bar crawls and cold cable TV deconstructions.

They're here to fucking share.

They're here because the whole experience: the lust, the weak-knee'd need is honest and open and explained by pop-psych definitions of sensuality and humanism.

It's a shiny new tribe down at the pull party these days. And it's only the disgruntled old men who miss the old days when the girls were ugly and wasted and blank. Needle marks and cellulite and bored but hateful disinterest have been replaced by trendy boredom and wide-eyed fascinated fake disinterest. Some newly liberated suburban

Friendlier milking and feeding facilities mean the meat business has changed. That fucking stench is a natural womanly beauty and those scabs and stretch marks are much more becoming in their honesty outside of unsightly make up cake mix number six. And in the meantime could you please splay your wretched earth mother sewer hole just a bit wider ...yes, yes, a wonderful example of love and form and those marvelous child bearing hips and full fat deposits and deep black wrinkles and spider veins are a celebration of your unique individuation. Your freedom is every woman's freedom. Why, I can see your soul up in that black fucking gut hole.

And on the other side of the glass is a thinking human. So say the girls of SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE NAKED:

"I have to find vocabulary, pathetic is getting old. They're like strays. It reminds me of being at the Humane Society and seeing a bunch of dogs in the kennel. But these you don't want to take home. These are the ones that you want to send away to be destroyed."

"Realizing that it's not a wound, it's sacred drops, the wonderful elixir of